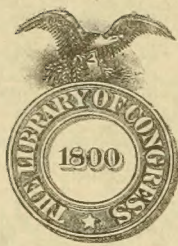


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1.

VOLUME ONE.
HISTORY OF SPRINGFIELD.
TOWN OF JAMAICA.
LONG ISLAND. NEW YORK.

Daniel
WILLIAM APPLEBY HARDELEY. M. A.
1 "

BROOKLYN. NEW YORK.
JANUARY. 1914.

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THOUGHTS . and . REMINISCENCES .
of
PHEBE . SMITH . (SIMONSON) . HIGBIE .

30 MAY . 1900 .

Copied 12 January 1914 by William A. Bardeley, M.A., Post Office Box 91, Brooklyn, New York : and carefully compared with the original records, as made. Much other data about all these Springfield, Queens County, New York, Families, is in the possession of William A. Bardeley.

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Brooklyn, New York,
January 1914.

These Elith Simonson was born January 7 th. 1829 at Springfield, Long Island, New York, in the "Old Homestead", which was built by her father, Nicholas Simonson, in 1817. Here she was married December 21, 1847 to Warren Jones Higbie : and she died at her son's home, in Springfield, April 1 st. 1906, at the age of 80 years.

During her long life she did much reading and thinking, and recorded many of her thoughts and experiences, a few of which are given here for the benefit of those to whom they may be of interest. Her father Nicholas Ten Arsdale ; this entire family later changed the name to Simonson and their descendants are so known now ; was born November 9 th. 1769 : died April 16 th. 1849 : married by Rev. Jacob Schoemaker of Jamaica, New York, to Rebecca Mills born February 5 th. 1791 : died 12 th. May 1857 : a daughter of Samuel and Ann (PHILLIPS) Mills and had ten children : Her husband Warren Jones Higbie was born 15 December 1826 : died 23 th. March 1894 : a son of John De Witt Higbie and AUSTIN ANN (WENDRICKSON) Warren J and Phoebe S HIGBIE had three children : 1. Edward A _ _ _ _ who married Kate Maria Rider 2. Daniel S _ _ _ _ born 11 August 1852 : died 24 December 1893 : 3. Rebecca : alive 1913 and single

To sister Kate.
How sad to see the dear old home
Fast going to decay,
To which we have so fondly clung
Since childhood's happy day.

Our parents, a young wedded pair,
Bought this retired spot
Full three-score years ago, and here
They purchased their home-lot.

This being done, then forthwith they
Their humble dwelling planned,
And went to work without delay
To rear it, heart and hand.

The trees were felled : the boards and beams
Were axed and hewed with care :
And to make the most of slender means
Did pains nor labor spare.

Our father he, with skillful hand,
Flung upright beam and brace :
Then boards and rafters, lath and shingles
Quickly followed their place.

To raise the house, all needful aid,
By friendly hands was given :
But by father every board was laid
And every nail was driven.

When done, they took up their abode
In their new made home,
And little dreamed what on life's road
Before them, was to come.

With one child, a daughter, they commenced
Their housekeeping : and then,
We followed an each other fast
'Till we had numbered ten.

From this, our childhood's home, we each
And all went forth to other,
But no one will compare with that
In which we had a mother.

Ten thousand associations cling
Around the cherished spot,
In which a number bear a part
Who now, alas ? are not.

We who remain, or nearly all,
Are now on life's decline,
Like leaves in autumn, we must fall,
And our places here resign.

And soon no vestige will remain
Of this time-honored spot :
The place that knows it now, alas ?
How soon will know it not.

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The Old Homestead.

Its days are nearly numbered,
Fast falling to decay :
The ruthless ravages of time,
No loving hand can stay,
The shade and fruit trees,
Set with care,
When first we built our home,
Have fulfilled their mission --
Ceased to bear,
And fallen, one by one.

HISTORY OF SPRINGFIELD, JAMAICA, LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK.

Here the Woodbine spread its
Wealth of bloom
For bird and bee to savor :
The humming-bird now seeks in vain
To find its golden cup.
And the ever-welcome bluebird,
The robin and the wren,
Their old-time resting places
They will never find again.

A home for little children
When life was bright and sweet :
Generations of them here
Have found a safe retreat :
A refuge for the aged,
Whose work of life was done :
Here they have calmly waited
For the setting of the sun.

To keep it and preserve it,
Has been our constant care :
Our heart is sad and heavy
To find it now beyond repair :
For four score years and more we've
Stood the storms of wind and weather,
Hoping now our lot may be
To stand and fall together.

Springfield, March 9, 1903

A Call.

January 14, 1881.

Yes, I hear " Phoebe ? Phoebe ? " Don't call me, little bird ?
How strange thy voice shouldst come to me - - so sweet, so sweet
Through all this winter's snow and sleet ?
And oh, how gladly would I come, to seek thee in thy distant
home ?

Is summer there ? does summer stay ? Then why should spring
entice thee here ? unless indeed 'tis us to cheer ?
When thou shalt come I may be gone : but in that far off happy
home, I hope to hear thy cherry call " Phoebe, Phoebe ? "

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Later.

The well-appointed gift of God to man : The Ballast of the

History of Springfield, Jamaica, Long Island, New York.

Earth : A universal panacea for all the ills that flesh is heir to & ill-health excepted, and in homeopathic doses good even for that. For prevention - good as well as cure. The labor of the hands awakes the sluggish blood and sends it coursing through the veins to do its own appointed work : crowding out all waste material : which the appetite urgently demands shall be replaced with better stores. Good for the troubled mind as well.

When threatening clouds the sky o'erspread,
Burst o'er thy unprotected head,
The pelting storms in torrents pour :
The lightning's flash, the thunder's roar :
Thy fragile bark by tempest driven :
You gaze despairingly to heaven :
Fold not thy hands in helpless grief,
But seek in work a sure relief.

Think no honest labor mean,
What God has cleansed call not unclean.
What e'er thy hands shall find to do,
That, with all thy might, pursue.
Idleness can never give
One moment's comfort while you live.
Suffer not thy mind to roam,
Employed in bringing trouble home :
Place it on the work at hand,
And keep it under strict command.
Wealth and rank are no excuse,
Why you should not be of use.
If for thyself thou hast no need,
Seek out some God's poor to feed.
'Tis far more blest to give,
You'll find, then to receive.

Oh, what a barren life to live -
To always take and never give ?
In useful labor you will find
Health for body and for mind.
Here's a cure, if you will try,
Such as money cannot buy.
The greatest lady need not stoop.
It is not working down, but up.

* * * * *

ory of Springfield, Jamaica, Long Island, New York.

Burden - Bearing.

As on life's journey we from day to day
Take up our burden, each in his own way :
Each differing from the other, except in name,
No two are given to bear the very same.

Yet, "bear ye one another's" we are told,
and this should be inscribed with pen of gold :
Were it not law divine 'twould still be right,
'Tis sympathy we crave, exchanges hold tight.

But there are burdens some must ever bear,
Which those most dear and dear can never share,
Some outward pain perhaps, some inward grief
One seeks to hide, despairing of relief.

There is no cherished bosom friend we find,
Comes nearer than the threshold of the mind,
There none can get a glimpse of " Gates Ajar " -
One comes so very near, and yet so far.

But in these secret chambers, One can see,
Who in compassion saith, " Come unto me
Ye weary heavy laden, here find rest,
Who bear my yoke and learn of me, are blest."

Bear up, bear on, beyond are mansions fair :
" A place for you," he said, " I will prepare."
Say not, in doubt of this, " how can we know ? "
He would not have told us, if it were not so.

And He has gone, His promise to fulfill,
And He will come again, he said, " I will ",
" For you : that where I am there ye
My followers, may also be."

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For truth and justice and the right
I cry to God with all my might.

20 th. 1859. Spring, beautiful spring ? Now I love this
on of the year, when everything, tree and shrub, is putting
its buds and leaves, and the apple-trees which shade our
cottage are loading with their weight of fragrant blossoms.

History of Springfield, Jamaica, Long Island, New York.

and. I have daily witnessed the pine swelling buds until they
were expanded into beautiful bunches of white blossoms. I have
never seen them so beautiful before.

To The Sun.

O, wondrous world of light and heat,
Creation's greatest work to mortal ken,
Through all the ages thou hast ever been
An object of perplexity to men.

Placed by the hand of God on high
O'er countless world's Thou dost provide in store :
All turn to thee, soul source of their supply
Of life's elements to all their living freight.

And ever thus since time began
On thy dependents ceaseless wealth doth pour,
Fulfilling faithfully thy Maker's plan
With undiminished energy and store.

But whence the source of thy supply ?
What feeds thy ever-radiating fires ?
Dost thy Creator's hand the torch supply
With unwavering steadfastness that never fires ?

In vain our minds these thoughts revolve,
Thy mighty problem is a mystery still,
That all earth's wise men never yet could solve,
With their boasted scientific skill.

What wonder that the heathen mind,
To whom no revelation has been given,
Seeking the great, in thee the greatest find,
And worship thee as God of gods and heaven.

To Mrs. Rebecca Blinnson again.

When trees are decked in choicest bloom,
A vision rich and rare,
In which superior, stand, confessed
The apple and the pear :
With weighty branches bending low,
Exhaling fragrance sweet,

History of Springfield, Jamaica, Long Island, New York.

Bury your face within the boughs --
There may our spirits meet.

When mid-summer days succeed
The merry month of May,
When sober evening gently draws
Her mantle 'round the day,
When the new-moon and evening-star
Adorns the glowing West,
And Nature's helpers near and far
Are going home to rest:

When each modest drooping flower
Upturns a wistful face,
And the gentle dew of heaven
Descends to their embrace:
When the honeysuckle's breath
Floats in the evening air,
And Nature's in her loveliest dress --
I may rest you then and there.

X X

The Mystery Of The Mind.

We read of Babylon's king of ancient fame:
'Though almost unpronounceable his name,
The wondrous story with deep interest teems,
Which mostly is the outcome of dreams,
Which so disturbed his mind upon his bed
That sleep, affrighted, broke from him and fled.
When he would know the meaning of it all,
The dream itself had gone beyond recall.
No waking hours bring anything that seems
To us more real than our frequent dreams:
No thoughts or feelings have we more intense
Than when in sleep is locked our waking sense.
Yet of these dreams we often wake to find
The merest fragments floating in the mind.
And even these the memory fails to keep.
We doubt there is such thing as dreamless sleep.

And when in snug retreat, with eyelids closed,
The weary body sinks into repose,
Reason gives up her reign and doffs her crown,

History of Springfield, Jamaica, Long Island, New York.

And, during sleep, her government lays down.

The restless mind, unbridled, roaming at will,
 Proceeds with vagaries the mind to fill :
 The summer landscape clothes with ice and snow,
 In winter, makes our fruits and flowers grow :
 Bringing our dead to life from the gloom,
 Places our loved and living in the tomb :
 Points us to one enclosed in Death's embrace :
 We look, and there behold our own pale face ?

At times, it makes an effort to amuse us,
 Then probes our conscience, finally to accuse us,
 Proving our guilt of deeds we'd scorn to do,
 Which we wake rejoiced to find untrue.
 Producing great effect without a cause,
 It thus goes on defying Nature's laws.
 'Till reason, refreshed, again assumes her sway,
 And the fickle mind is summoned to obey.

"What is the mind ?" you ask - " what is the soul ?
 And what attracts the needle to the pole ? "
 Also, what is the electric light ?
 And what is the Northern ? something seen at night,
 And what a thousand things that one might ask,
 To answer which would be a hopeless task.

In all the works of art that one may view,
 Scattered throughout the world, the Old and New,
 We see the mind of man the mark,
 And all beyond impenetrably dark :
 While the great power, perhaps not one-half found,
 Keeps adding to the wonders all around.
 It threads with wires sea, earth and air,
 And those, with matchless skill, are made to bear
 Our thoughts and wishes, with no outward sound,
 At lightnings speed to earth's remotest bounds.

Nature's mysterious forces, for good or ill,
 It firmly grasps and sends unto its will.
 Earth's hidden treasures yield to its command -
 Its only aid in all - - - the human hand ?
 In countless ways its marvellous powers alighted,
 And yet, how little of itself it knows ?

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To know that God is love, and that He is everywhere present, is the most soul-satisfying of gospel truths. And how incomprehensible is that love that can take in a sin-polluted world? Oh, what height and depth and love and length and breadth, now immeasurable must that fountain be?

My thirsty soul, which is nearly parched in drinking from these streams, defiled with sin, looks upward with longing to be admitted to the Fountain where it shall be filled with the pure and perfect love of God.

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I have very many doubts and difficulties in my religious experience. I am dissatisfied with what I am, and with all that I can do. And my faith is so small that I am sometimes led to doubt its very existence, especially in some things. But there is one thing of which I feel perfectly certain, which is, that I love God, and God in Christ. This is my "Rock" and my "Fortress": only for this I should be overwhelmed and driven to despair. I love Him, not so much for what He has done for me, as for what He is, for the exceeding beauty and loveliness of His character.

I love Him for His wisdom, and His holiness, and His purity, and His justice, and His goodness, and His truth, and for the inexhaustible fountain of His love. And I feel that I could spend an eternity in admiring, loving, glorifying and serving the Triune God, though heaven were destitute of any other being of attraction.

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February 25 th, 1873, -- I suppose every one has his own peculiar views of heaven. I confess mine are not very extensive. Thoughts of gold and gems and splendid palaces never come into my mind. I always fancy myself as being introduced into the immediate presence of Jesus and the angels, with the patriarchs and prophets in the background: and I am so enraptured with the first greetings, that before I can withdraw myself to look around for my friends, my thoughts return to earth. I always think of my departed pious friends as going in heaven, but I never see them there.

My heart is so overflowing with love and happiness at the very gate of heaven, that it seems as though the sight of all my friends could not augment it. I have no idea that any one will be idle in heaven, but I have no idea what kind of work it is that will be required of us.

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I am satisfied to believe that we will be happier for dwelling in it. I always think of heaven as a place of rest, a rest that I desire may be unmarred activity in the service of God.

I cannot think of heaven as separate from the presence of Jesus, who is the fountain of every perfection, and in whom all fulness dwells.

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(Written for her funeral service.)

" Behold the bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him." Matthew, chapter 25, verse 6

So long He's tarried in the night,
While I my watch have kept,
Striving to keep my lamp alight,
I've slumbered and slept.

Behold, he comes ? the midnight cry
With joy thrills every nerve.
I rise to meet my Lord on high
I've feebly tried to serve.

God's angel, Death, has brought at last
The long desired release,
Opened the way to heavenly rest
And everlasting peace.

No more infirmities of flesh
Shall quench the spirit's fire,
No dull ears render music faint
Of the celestial choir.

Praise God until your latest breath
Has brought thus to lie.
Then, when your voice is lost in death,
Go sound His praise on high."

September 17, 1899.

To Rebecca Simonson Nigbie.

You wanted me to tell you something about your great-grand-father, Samuel Mills. I did not know but what you knew as much about him as I could tell you. You know, of course, that he was a revolutionary soldier. I don't know at what time he enlisted, but I think he served till the end of the

History of Springfield, Jamaica, Long Island, New York.

war. That, if I remember rightly, lasted seven years. He was to be at death 89 years old. His mother lived to a great age. I can just remember her. And her grand-mother, "old Grannie Travers", as she was called, lived to be a hundred years old.

When he came home from the war, he got married. His wife lived in Poughkeepsie (New York). Uncle John went there, too, to get his wife. She was a Phillips. He married his own cousin. I think grand-father must have married a wife much younger than himself, for she died when she was about thirty, leaving five children, of whom mother was the youngest. She died of consumption when mother was only six months old. She was a delicate child - supposed to have her mother's disease - that she was not expected to live. And grand-mother, knowing that her time was short, had the children all baptized, and wished it might be so that the baby could be buried in her arms.

But the baby whose life was despaired of, lived to be sixty-six years old, and had ten children of her own, of which your mother was the third child.

Of the five children she left motherless, Uncle John (Hills) was the eldest. He was a kind of evangelist in his day: much given to Bible reading and exounding: and was a leader of prayer meetings. In the old days, these meetings used to be held in neighboring houses, about a mile apart. In preparing for them, there used to be a scouring up of brass candlesticks and snuffers: some of which would have to be scoured. A few of these would be placed with the Bible and a hymn-book on a small stand, covered with white cloth, and others on the mantelpiece, or wherever most convenient.

Then there would be boards brought in for seats, laid across chairs and covered with quilts. Ordinarily there would be a bed in the room: and if the room were crowded, some of the people would sit on the bed, which would be quite a feat, as it was the pride of the housewife to make her bed as high as possible. The meetings would be opened with prayer, after which a hymn would be given out. Then the candles would be lighted and handed round. One person would hold the candle and another find the hymn. When they had sung the hymn, the candles would be passed back and some of them snuffed out. Then a chapter would be read in the Bible, and if it was read by Uncle John (Hills), he would comment on it. The hour would then be filled with singing and praying, singing the Doxology at the close, after which the place would be appointed for the next meeting, to begin at "early candle light."

History of Springfield, Jamaica, Long Island, New York.

Then, after friendly greetings and conversation, the people would disperse, seeking their companions as they passed out into the dark night.

Uncle John (Mills) would conduct a funeral occasionally, and sometimes be called upon to visit the sick and dying.

He was a great church-goer. He went for the love of it.

A good sermon was a feast to him, and he would discuss the subject of it on his way home. He quoted Scripture in his daily conversation. He had family worship, morning and evening, week days as well as Sundays, and unless business was very pressing, would sing a hymn, which any one might select.

I liked that part very much, where all could join in. It made the services so much more impressive. It is a great pity that the family altar is being broken down and becoming a thing of the past. Nothing leaves such sacred memories in the minds of children after the parents are dead and gone.

The sacred remembrance follows them to the grave. There is one little habit of Uncle John's that is always associated in my mind with him. In the time of June roses, he was almost always seen with a rose in his mouth, especially when going to Church.

He had one brother, William (Mills), " Uncle Bill," as we called him, who was a peculiar character. He had a roving disposition -- never could settle down to anything -- yet never went far from home. He was a true child of Nature.

In sympathy with every living thing -- birds, beasts, and insects. All sounds interested him, whether of animate or inanimate things, and he could imitate them to perfection, and interpreted them as well. He told droll stories which made everyone laugh. Some said that his stories were not true. They were true to Nature, however, although he didn't expect any one to believe them. They deceived no one and harmed no one. It was the same with the stories he told us children. We couldn't fail to understand them. They were of the " mother goose " style. He would call us what the peepers said -- " Peep, peep " -- " How deep ? How deep. " " So deep. " " No deeper. " And the varied notes of the cat-birds and thrushes, he interpreted in questions and answers and exclamations such as " Did he ? did he ? " " Sure of it ? Sure of it " " How can you tell ? " " Know it : Know it ? " " Ha-ha-ha " " Isn't it wonderful ? "

This will give you an idea of it, though I can't remember one-



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Half of these bird calls.

He said that one day a hen came off her nest backing, and said : " I've laid an egg - in the stalks - and I don't - mean to tell - of it ? " And he said she kept on " telling of it " till they went and got the egg. Then, one day, in dog-days, the flies bothered him and wouldn't give him a moment's peace, so he took his book and went up in the hay-stack, and he said he hadn't been there long when a big blue-bottle fly came and peeped up and said, " I vow ? here he is now. " Then he came back to the other flies and told them, and soon they all came up swarming, so that " Uncle Bill " had to get out of it.

And he said he was passing a barn one day where two men were threshing, and this is what he heard : " more help, more help, more help. " Soon he saw a third man go in, and then it was, -- " Let me come, let me come, let me come ? " He had an ear open to every sound and could interpret it.

There used to be an old grist mill standing near where Daniel Simonson lives. I can just remember it. It used to make the most unearthly noises. Uncle Bill (Mills) said it went - " Creechy - ker - Marker - bunker - I'm almost done o - o - o - ver -- one two-grains, two-three-more, two-three-grains, three - four - more, Creechy - ker - bunker, bunker, I'm almost done o - o - o - ver. " After a while they got the old mill repaired, and the next time he was there he said it was going, - " Chitty - ker - dang, a handful at a unity - ker -- dang -- a hand ful at a tome. " Well, this may not seem like much to you, but it was the way he said it that made it seem so comical.

Of the five children our grand-father left, Aunt Polly (Mills) was the second child and the oldest daughter, and the house-keeping devolved upon her. She couldn't have been more than seven or eight years old, but our great-grand-father lived just over the way, and she used to come in and look after the baby, and oversee things, and they got along without other help. But grand-father, being a soldier, knew how to cook, and could turn his hand to almost anything. He drew a pension, and that, with his little farm, supported them. He went in the bay occasionally until he was too old. When his children married off, he lived right on alone and took care of himself, which he was well able to do. He was never sick. I remember only one fit of sickness that he had, which was his last, and a

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short one. I think he died of old age. I don't know that he had any ailment. You think it strange that he should have wanted to live alone for so many years, but I don't.

He lived on the old homestead, which he owned, and where his children were all born and grew up: and when they married they settled right around him, almost within call. Our house was the nearest, and he used to come over almost every pleasant day. Sometimes he would go no farther than our house, and then again he would go all around and visit them all. He seemed to enjoy his way of living, and I think I should have enjoyed it also.

One time he seemed quite weak and feeble - that was not long before he died - and mother said she got thinking about him in the night, and felt worried and couldn't sleep.

So she got up and decided to go over to see how he was. It was a very hot, moon light night in mid-summer. So she didn't dress - just slipped on her shoes and went in her night-gown. There were no houses to pass, and she didn't think she would meet any one at that time of night, which was about midnight. She went to the back window near which he slept, and called to him and he answered her. She told him why she had come: that she got thinking about him and came to see how he was. He said he felt comfortable. So she talked with him awhile and then went back. Daniel Simonson heard of it, and as he was used to going that way late at night when he was visiting the girl he made his wife, he said he "was glad he didn't meet her, as he certainly should think it was a ghost."

We used to have great fun going to "Granddaddy's". We had the run of the place. There was a small orchard in front of the house, with fall pippins and pearemain, and one crab tree the body of which had grown crooked, so that we could sit on it: and it was easy to climb up in the top and get the apples, which were streaked with red, and as big as your fist. There was a bough apple tree behind the house, and just in front, a large pear tree. The pears were sweet and juicy, and the tree bore every year without fail.

I think that tree must have lived to be a hundred years old or more. It was a large tree when I first remember about it.

Soon after Aunt Sue _____ moved home, in 1866, she saw Mr. Ephraim Baylin, who bought the old place, and inquired about the old pear tree. He said it was still living, and bore fruit every year. I went by the place once after that, and saw

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the tree. It stood erect and dignified, but oh, so old I have heard since that it has been cut down.

The site of Mrs. _____ Fitch's house, on the opposite side of the way, used to be the northern boundary of grand-father's place, which extended down to the brook which crosses the road and runs along on the east side. In the northeast corner, near the edge of the swamp, was an old garden, which, at the time of which I am writing, was all over grown: there was nothing attractive about it but the soy poles and squashes of which there were a great many in their season. The soil being rich and moist, was just suited to their growth. And there we could go and help ourselves.

There was an old, unused, spring, down among the logs, in which was set an old barrel, where we could usually find turtles and frogs and other living things, which were a constant source of amusement to us.

The baker used to pass grand-father's house once a week. "Baker's Day" was a great day for us. He never came in to our house, as we lived off the road. So we always began to go to grand-father's on that day. Some times mother would tell us if we could find a new hen's nest and get some eggs to trade, out, we might go. So we would hunt all over. The hens used to steal nests in the woods and hedger, and corn-ovales. Some times we would find two-three new nests, and get a dozen or two eggs. Then we would go off very crank to "meet the baker." Some times there were two or three of us, and when we got there we would watch for him, and as soon as we saw him coming, we would all go out, grand-father leading the way.

I suspect he was rather proud of his grand-children. He would buy loaves of bread and pitch them out in the grass, and then he would give us the rucks and cakes to hold while he paid the bill.

What a lasting impression these little tidings made on our minds. Though three score years and ten have passed since then, they have not been able to obliterate them.

We used to go over some times to help "grand-daddy" get his dinner. Not that he needed our help, but it was a treat for us to do it. He had a large open fire-place, with a stone hearth, and pot-hooks and trammels. In making a stew, he would get the meat and cut it up in small pieces, and season it, and put it in the pot and cover it with water, and then hang it on the hook over the fire. Then, when it was almost done, we would peel the potatoes and wash them and put them in.

History of Waringfield, Jamaica, Long Island, New York.

He usually had sea-biscuit (hard tack) on hand. They being soldiers' fare, he liked them, and they would keep almost any length of time. He would break up three or four of these and put in the pot, when the potatoes were nearly done, and it would make an excellent stew. We never, never ate such stew any where else. Mother used to make good stews, but she never put sea biscuit in them.

Often, when we were small, and grand-father came to our house, mother would take that time to do errands, leaving us in his care. And he would amuse us by telling stories of the war, and singing war songs. He seemed to enjoy his way of living, and appeared happy and contented. He had seen a good deal of the world, and was well informed, having had better opportunities than most of his neighbors. He lived alone from the time of mother's marriage till the time of his death, which was about thirty years.

As I write, many incidents of my child-hood recur to me which I had almost forgotten. One time something was said about going to grand-daddy's for apples, and mother said she could go and get a basket of apples and get back in ten minutes. I didn't know how to believe it, and wanted to see her do it. Well, she said she would. She was busy ironing, but left her work, took a basket and started, while I timed her.

She returned in just ten minutes with the basket of apples. Then I said, if she could do it, I could. So I took the same basket and started. I ran all the way there and all the way back, and was gone just seven minutes. I got the basket full of apples, but didn't have many by the time I got home. They were scattered all along the way. I had two fences to climb each way, and I think I must have covered a mile about. But you know the distance.

These things about which I have written come within my own memory, but there is so much more I would like to know now, that mother could have told me if I had only asked her. She knew so much about the old times and the old people. But in her day, I didn't feel so much interested in them as I do now.

I can distinctly remember things that occurred in our old home seventy-seven years ago, when I was scarcely three years old.

We may be said to be a long lived family. The oldest was born in 1815. Of mother's ten children, four are still living, whose united ages are 299 years. There have been three golden weddings in the family, with the prospect of

History of Springfield, Jamaica, Long Island, New York.

another in the near future.

Phebe S. Higbie

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After Thoughts.

May 4, 1900.

I don't suppose any children enjoyed (ever) their childhood more than we did. The woods were our playground. We built play-houses under the big trees and played at house-keeping. It was all like a picnic. We would climb trees to hunt for birds' nests. We never robbed little birds like the chippiee, but we liked to find their nests and peep in them to see their eggs and the little birds.

Yes, we did rob the robins and the cat-birds sometimes - always the cat-birds, for they ate so many of our cherries.

We felt sorry for them at the same time, but we wanted their eggs to make custards, which we baked in clay-pottery.

We never made mud pies, as some children do. We preferred to make things which we could eat afterwards.

Our greatest pleasure we found in the woods. We knew the name of every tree and shrub, and all the wild flowers and grasses and mosses: and we knew where the finest black-berries and huckle-berries were to be found: and the Christian green.

Mother, too, loved the woods, and spent much of her spare time in it. She knew where all the roots and herbs were to be found that were good for medicine - and we used to help her gather them. There were the sawgrass and croc-foot mouse-ear. These were in the woods - and in the swamp was the Indian or wild turnip.

We could tell where to find the roots by their leaves and flowers. Mother taught us the only lessons we ever learned in botany. She used to make bitters of the roots, which were good for chills and fever - not so much for our own family, who were seldom sick, as for our neighbors. But oh! the huckle-berries we used to gather - bushels and bushels of them.

Not many people lived near us at that time to gather them, and the woods and swamps were not cleared off then, as they are now. And mother knew every foot of the ground for miles around, having lived in the place all her days, and having such leisure in her youth, and being fond of rambling, she knew just where to go, and did not have to search for them.

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And the bushes would be loaded with berries, some of which were as large as cherries.

Mother lost one of her wedding earrings in the swamp while gathering berries. That was about seventy years ago, and I suppose it is there now, but no doubt it would be harder to find than the "needle in the hay-stack."

Sometimes Mother would get up quite a party to go for berries. She would take two or three of us, and Aunt Polly would take one or two of her children (she had five) who were rather timid and not so venturesome as we were. We enjoyed it, as if it were a picnic. When we got to the swamp, we would scare up the birds as we went along, with our chatter, and they would give us a wide berth.

Sometimes we would go over to the other side of the swamp, and such fun as we would have crossing the brook. One crossing place we called " going over the poles." A tree had fallen and lodged half way across the brook, the poles of tails, or both, were set from the other side and laid in the branches of the trees, and we would go up on the tree and down on the poles.

We had to help each other and be so careful not to spill our berries. We often found things in the swamp, such as turtles, etc., which we wanted very much to take home with us : but we could seldom take much besides the berries. We would be sure to go home loaded with something, however, and could always take some flowers.

You may wonder what we did with so many berries. Well, we made pies of them, dried some, gave some away, and sold some. We were all very fond of berries and milk. We kept a cow and she would often break out and give us a long chase through the woods and swamps, and sometimes she would get out on the road, and we would have to go miles after her.

Sometimes we would have a drought in the summer, when the pasture would all dry up. Then we would go to grand-daddy's and cut log grass for her, and bring it home in bags and baskets. This was work and play combined, and we enjoyed it.

We kept but one pig, but we made a big one of him, and fat, which gave us plenty of lard, with the other good parts, and I have no doubt it went as far with us as two pigs would in many families, for we never were allowed to waste anything.

Not even a grain of corn were we permitted to throw away into the fire. I think Mother was a genius, although I never viewed her in that light before. She never said "I can't," but always could and would do whatever she was called

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upon to do : and often what she was not called upon nor expected to do. She always stood ready to help any one, but never wanted any help herself, unless when our wants were the necessity imperative. She was one of a thousand for making a little go a great ways : and making a good appearance out of small means.

She never remembered having a mother. She grew up, following pretty much the bent of her own nature. She, like Uncle Bill (Mills), was a lover of Nature, in sympathy with every living thing, both of vegetable and animal growth, even after she was married, yet she never neglected her own household.

The first I remember of mother's work was her spinning, both on the little and big wheel. She would sit and spin by the fireside on the little wheel, winter evenings : but she had to walk the floor with the big wheel, and walked many miles a day by the side of it, while we would sit or lie on the floor and watch the wheels go around and listen to the humming.

We wore nothing but homespun when we were little, with the exception of our one calico dress, which we kept for our best. We always went barefooted in summer : it was a great treat to us when we were permitted to take off our shoes and stockings and run around in our bare feet.

Mother was a good spinner, and a fast one, and it was work she liked. Some house wives were not fore-handed and would give out their spinning to be done, giving the girls each a half pound of wool or Flax to spin, and as much to each of the young men, who had to hire theirs done.

When all was finished they would take it in, and there would be a supper prepared for them, and a dance afterward.

I never learned to spin, and never went to those kind of parties, but my oldest sister did, before I was grown up. I went to many others afterward of a different kind.

Spinning was then going out of fashion, as it was cheaper to buy than to make. And oh ? what a saving of labor that was. Mother used to make all our clothes. She knit

stockings and mittens, not only for ourselves, but the neighbors. She had a hand loom, on which she wove tapes and fringes : she would knit crab-nets and a netting with fringes for curtains, and nettings for children's heads, to keep the dirt out of their eyes. We were brought up to avoid debt as we

would a plague, and were not permitted to buy anything for which we could not pay. Mother would never run a grocery bill : if she didn't have the money to pay for things, she

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would go without until she did have it. - Yet her credit was of the best. We were not allowed to waste anything - not even to throw a grain of corn into the fire. She said the constant and careless waste of things would always keep us poor. Yet she was far from being parsimonious: she was generous and helpful, but would have nothing to give if she had not been economical. Among the many uncommon things which mother did was the making of tallow out of hog-barries. There was more for a novelty than any thing else, and it was a tedious process. She gathered the berries and boiled them up in strong lye to extract the grease, and then strained it and let it cool, after which she skinned off the tallow and melted it up and poured it into little moulds to cool. It was a sage-green color with a pleasant odor, and almost as hard as flint. I don't know what other uses might have been made of it, but she used to put it in scoops' tallow to make candles. It was then such tender and hard to handle. She made candles, of course, for we had no other light.

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I don't want to weary you, but I haven't told you nearly all about mother's work. There was her dyeing, and nursing, and pea-picking. In the old times farmers didn't raise market truck as they do now. It was mostly corn and potatoes, hay and grain, with a little "garden stuff." Uncle Tom Higley, our nearest neighbor, was among the first of the farmers to raise peas for market. His place joined ours, with only a dividing fence between and often his peas were planted close to our house. We were his "star pickers": he liked to have us pick for him, and we liked to do it. Our fingers seemed formed for that purpose. Some times, in wet weather, the peas that lay next to the ground, would be rusty, particularly the big peas. He didn't want them put in, as they spoiled the sale of them. So we would pick them in some thing else. And at noon we would gather them up and hurry home and sit down and shell them. Three or four of us would shell the peas, and one would make the fire and set the table, and we would have the peas shelled and in the pot in a jiffy. They were fresh and sweet and juicy, and it took them only a few minutes to boil, and we would have an excellent dinner and be back in the lot again within the hour.

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Then we used to pick straw-berries for Uncle John (Mills) - his farm joined us on the other side. We used to pick peas for him, too, but we liked picking straw-berries better.

Some times we would run races to see which could pick the most, but I was never beaten. I have picked over a hundred and seventy-five baskets in a/ day, though I should not be the one to say it.

Mother had a pleasant and cheerful disposition, always putting the best foot forward, and encouraging others to do the same. Her presence was like a ray of sunshine to the sick and afflicted, which often did ~~me~~ ~~good~~ ~~than~~ ~~medicine~~: and notwithstanding her large family and her many cares, she always stood ready to extend a helping hand.

I was adopted, when a baby, by Aunt Rhode _____, who had no children of her own. I was named for her, and she had a christening robe made for me, which was lent out afterward to many of the neighbor's children, besides serving for all my sisters who came after me. I was taken from home when very young, but I was permitted to go back and forth often. When I was about five years old, however, they brought me home, saying that I didn't want to stay longer. But after making a good visit, I was willing to go back. It is not strange that I got home-sick, for I was the only child in a family of five or six grown people, while at home there was a house full of children for me to play with. Mother used to come and see me, as often as she could, and when she went home, I would go part of the way with her. I remember one time when we came near our place of parting, which was about half a mile in the way, my head was down and I was rubbing my eyes. My mother bent over me and asked, "What's the matter?" I said, "I've got sand in my eyes." But she knew.

She spoke encouraging words to me and we parted. I had a great love for my mother, and used to hope I might never out-live her. I often thought what a dreadful thing it would be to lose my mother. It was so much in my mind that I wrote some verses about it, but never showed them to any one. Mother was a member of the Dutch Reformed Church at Jamaica, (New York). I think she must have joined the Church soon after her marriage, as I don't remember the time when she wasn't a regular member and attendant, although she had about four miles to walk each way. She would some times get a ride with some of the neighbors, but never depended upon it. She used to say

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she never set out to go to Church, unless she felt able to walk both ways, which she often did. She had a short, slight step, and could get over the ground amazingly fast. Some one said her walking looked like her knitting work. All of her girls, with the exception of myself, went to the Presbyterian Church, (in Jamaica), as the Dutch Reformed Church being at the other end of the village, was about a mile further. As Aunt Phoebe _____ was lame, they always drove to Church, although they lived but a short distance from it, and when there, I, of course, went with them. When I can first remember, they went to the Presbyterian Church. My earliest recollections date from those Sabbath days spent in Church. They had morning and afternoon services, with only an hour's intermission. We took our lunch with us, thus spending the day, as it were, at Church. These were very tedious days to me - such long sermons - or they seemed so. I would get so sleepy. Sometimes Aunt Phoebe _____ would take my head in her lap and let me have a short nap. Then I would sit up and watch the minister close the "Big Book." That was a great relief to me - the most interesting part of the service.

About that time there was some difficulty in the Church which caused a division, and Uncle Wally (P. Wally) left that Church and went to the Reformed. There were no evening meetings there at that time, so we used to go evenings to the Presbyterian Church. All we girls liked that Church better, for all our associates went there. Mother never objected, as she had no way of taking us, she said we might suit ourselves.

"For whether we live, we live unto the Lord: and whether we die, we die unto the Lord: whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's." Romans - 15: 8 These were the last words of my mother. -- "P. S. N.

Decoration Day 1900.

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"Well", you say, "you have told us so much about your mother, but you say nothing about your father. What about him?"

Well, I will tell you.

He was born and brought up in the same neighborhood.

He was the only child of his mother, who died at his birth. A neighboring woman became his foster mother. She had quite a

History of Springfield, Jamaica, Long Island, New York.

large family of her own, but took him to nurse with her own baby. When he grew up, he learned the carpenter's trade. He was a good workman and a fast one, and was much sought after. As to his appearance, he was tall and well proportioned, with a ruddy complexion, black hair and eyes, which turned prematurely gray. He was very particular about his clothes: was neat in person and dress. He had a firm, elastic step, and noble bearing, and was considered good-looking by every body.

He could not bear to see any one standing idle and watching him when he was about his work: but would soon manage to hustle them out of the way. "It takes 'em too long to stand still," was a frequent saying of his.

Father was of an old Holland Dutch family by the name of Vanarsdale, who came to this country about a hundred and fifty years ago and settled in Springfield, (Long Island, New York.)

He always made much of Christmas, and in preparing for it he made a specialty of New Year's cakes and raisins. He would always have a "cluster" for each of our stockings, and a large round New Year's cake like a full moon, pinned up over the mantelpiece, and his smiling, cheerful, handsome, face was good to see.

Mother would make little animals out of the bread dough and bake them. They would stand alone. She always made doughnuts for Christmas, and she would take some of the dough and make little men and women. They wouldn't stand alone, but they were better to eat, so we ate them first.

Then there would be an apple or orange, or both, for each one of our stockings, and some candy - not much of that, but we appreciated it all the more for there being but little of it: and some nuts, and maybe a few pennies - always enough to fill our stockings: and we little ones whose stockings were small would hang up both. We were never disappointed.

Santa was always on time. Then father would stick a little switch in the top of each of our stockings - just for fun, you know.

We went to bed early, as a rule, but were allowed to sit up a little later on Christmas Eve, to witness the preparations going on for Christmas, and to feast our eyes on our stockings hanging up in each corner of the big open fireplace, in anticipation of the good things we should find in the morning, and to discuss the mysteries of Santa Claus.

Then, when we could sit up no longer, we would take off our shoes, and sit down in a row before the open fire, to "wait

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our feet * before going to bed. The old folks sitting in the back ground, and the blazing fire lighting up the room as if we were a candle almost useless.

* * * * *

I think this is an incident worth recording. On August 4th. 1904, there were four sisters of us took dinner together, whose ages were as follows :

Mrs. Warren Jones Higbie, aged 84

Note - she was born Anne Smith Simonson on 7 January 1820

Mrs. William Henry Higbie, aged 81

Note - she was born Catherine Simonson on 29 February 1824

Mrs. David Crinstead, aged 79

Note - she was born Charity Simonson on 1 May 1825

Mrs. Asael Kettleton Higbie, aged 72

Note - she was born Eleanor A. Simonson on 29 June 1832

The youngest three have celebrated their golden wedding.

The fourth has been a widow fifty years.

Marriage of Springfield, Jamaica, Long Island, New York.

Highie genealogy of Springfield : 1745 - 1914.
From the manuscript of William A. Burdley.

Henry Highie : married Herodia HOTT : and had among other children, a son

James Highie : born _____ 1770 : married in the Presbyterian Church, Jamaica, New York, 4 September 1800 Susan or Susannah HIGHIE : bapt. 27 April 1783 : a daughter of Joseph SKIDMORE and _____ (SCOTT) : James died about 1805 : and the widow Susannah married second 30 January 1814 Anson HIGHIE : a son of Stephen HIGHIE : the Queens County, Surrogates records, at Jamaica, New York, liber B, page 26, have the administration on the estate of James Highie of Hempstead, New York, granted 1 August 1805 to Susannah Highie, administratrix and Abiathar Skidmore, administrator

James Highie and his wife Susannah had 4ne child - -

1. Daniel Highie : born 15 September 1803 in Hempstead, New York : died 2 September 1870 : married in St. George's Episcopal Church, Hempstead, N.Y., 7 February 1822 to Miss Amy WRIGHT : of Hempstead South : she was born 17 December 1799 : died 4 April 1866 the Jamaica, New York, Surrogates records, liber M, page 165, has 16 November 1870 the administration on the estate of Daniel Highie of Jamaica : the petition says he died 2 September 1870 and left a widow Amy : and 5 children - 1. F. _____ widower 2. Alexander J. Wright 3. _____ all residing in Springfield, Jamaica : 4. Susannah E _____ wife of Charles Dikeman of Hempstead, New York : 5. Jane _____ wife of William Hendrickson of Williamsburg, Brooklyn, New York

Daniel and Amy Highie had five children - -

1. Susannah Elizabeth born _____ : married _____ CHARLES Dikeman : and had 1. Daniel Franklin DIKEMAN
2. Jane Count : born _____ : married _____ William Hendrickson : born 5 October 1813 : died 24 January 1900 : they had 1. Oliver Wright HENDRICKSON born _____ 2. Daniel Jason HENDRICKSON born _____ July 1835 : he died 4 September 1855 aged one month, 7 days
3. Alexander : born 13 November 1833 : died 14 September 1875 : married _____ Sarah Frances SAVING : born 14 May 1837 : a daughter of Fredwell Davison and Phoebe (HOTT)

History of Springfield, Jamaica, Long Island, New York.

Higbie Genealogy of Springfield : 1700 - 1914.

- 4. James Whitmore HIGBIE : born 15 March 1821 : died 5 October 1881 : married _____ Phoebe DAVISON : born 28 May 1824 : died 5 January 1896 : she was a second cousin of Sarah F. DAVISON on page 27 : James S. Higbie had one son - 1. Daniel Wilbur HIGBIE born _____ : married _____ Helen M. DOUGALL : and have 1. George Wilbur HIGBIE born _____
- 5. Wright Pearsall HIGBIE : born 5 August 1831 : died 15 December 1901 : married _____ Ann E _____ (? HIGBIE ? probably descended from Amy HIGBIE) : she was born 23 September 1838 : died 2 October 1907

Alexander Higbie and Sarah Frances (DAVISON) had two children born in Springfield, New York - -

- 1. George Herbert : born 25 March 1859 : married 18 February 1880 Alice A _____ AMBERMAN : born 7 April 1859 : a daughter of Cornelius Amberman and Mary (VALENTINE) : Note - see Amberman and Valentine manuscript genealogy by William A. Bardsley : George H and Alice A Higbie have two children - -
 - 1. Mary Frances HIGBIE : born 12 May 1882 : married 21 October 1903 Joseph Winifred Bergen born 14 October 1879 : a son of Joseph Larry Bergen and Catherine Winifred _____ : they have 2 children -
 - 1. George Higbie BERGEN : born 20 January 1907
 - 2. Robert Winifred BERGEN : born 17 December 1911
 - 2. Alice Cecelia HIGBIE : born 31 July 1894 : single 1915
- 2. Robert Winfield : born 5 March 1863 : married 12 September 1888 at Lynbrook, Long Island, New York, to Ann Augusta Pearsall : born 12 March 1864 in Lynbrook : a daughter of Hamilton Wright PEARSALL and Annan (see PEARSALL) : Robert W. resides on Highland Avenue, Jamaica, N.Y., and has two children born in Jamaica - -
 - 1. Hamilton Alexander HIGBIE : born 1 July 1890
 - 2. Robert Winfield HIGBIE : born 24 May 1894

Wright Pearsall Higbie and Ann E _____ : have two children -
1. Cecelia : born _____ : married _____ William Henry Nostrand of Springfield : a son of Jesse Nostrand and Elizabeth (BIDELL) : and have 1. Florence Estelle Nostrand born _____ married _____ Burton James SMITH : and have 1. William Henry SMITH : born _____

History of Springfield, Jamaica, Long Island, New York.

Higbie Genealogy of Springfield : 1745 - 1914.

2. Alexander Pearsall HIGBIE : born _____ : married _____
 Jane WOOD : they reside 84 Wood Avenue, Rosedale,
 New York : and have one child -
 1. Gladys HIGBIE : born _____

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Stephen Higbie (a son of Stephen Higbie) : born _____ 1745 -
 died 17 February 1814 : aged 70 years : married _____
 Lovise _____

The Surrogates records of Queens County, at Jamaica, Long
 Island, New York : liber 9, page 375, have the will of
 Stephen Higbie of Jamaica : dated 13 December 1814 : pro-
 vided 11 March 1815 : no business stated : wife Lovise :
 4 children - 1. Mary wife of Gabriel Armstrong 1 and her
 2 children Sarah Armstrong and Stephen Armstrong) : 2.
 Hannah : 3. Anson Higbie : 4. John S. _____ Higbie :
 grand-children Stephen Widmore and Walter Widmore :
 executors the two sons Anson Higbie and John S. Higbie :
 witnesses John Carpenter and Samuel Mills and Martin
 Fosdick

Stephen and Lovise Higbie had 4 children - -

1. Mary : born _____ : married _____ Gabriel Armstrong :
 they lived near Farmhouse, New York
2. ANSON : born 21 November 1775 : died 28 July 1858 : married
 first by Rev. Jacob WOLOCHOWSKI of Jamaica, New York,
 30 January 1814 to Susannah or Susan Higbie, the wi-
 dow of James Higbie : she was baptized 27 April 1781 :
 and died 6 May 1840 : aged 58 years : Anson married
 second in the Presbyterian Church, Jamaica, New York,
 25 February 1844 to Deborah ANSON
3. Hannah (or Hauche) : born _____ 1781 : baptized 26 April
 1784 : died 4 January 1851 : aged in her 71 st. year :
 married _____ Abiathar Widmore : and had 2 sons
4. John S _____ : born 27 May 1787 : died 26 January 1845 :
 married in the Presbyterian Church, Jamaica, New York,
 15 February 1812 to Sarah RIBER : born 7 October 1781 :
 died 15 February 14 May 1869 : a daughter of John Ri-
 ber and Antje (VAN NOSTRAND) : see the NOSTRAND
 RIBER genealogy by William A. Karsdale : Sarah was
 baptized 2 December 1793

History of Springfield, Jamaica, Long Island, New York.

Nigbie Genealogy of Springfield : 1745 - 1914.

The Queens County, Surrogate records, at Jamaica, New York, Liber 9, page 41, have the will of Anson Nigbie of Jamaica : dated 6 September 1854 : probated 22 August 1857 : wife _____ : son Joseph S _____ Nigbie : youngest daughter Mary L _____ wife of Everett Simonson of Brooklyn, New York : grand-child Sarah Minnie Nigbie : son Stephen Nigbie of Newtown, Long Island, New York : daughter Hannah A _____ Simonson, a widow : grand-children my son Joseph S _____ Nigbie, with my neighbor Henry Mills : the petition says Anson died 28 July 1857 : widow Deborah : Anson Nigbie and his first wife Susannah (SIMONSON) had 4 children - -

1. John Eldmore NIGBIE : born 14 December 1814 : died 24 December 1906 : married _____ Louretta Eliza SUGAR nee SUGAR : born 16 June 1819 : died 15 June 1896 : a daughter of John SUGAR or SENGAR and Sarah (FROST) : they had six children
2. Stephen NIGBIE : born _____ : died in Long Island City, New York, 1 February 1899 : he is buried in plot 36, Clinton Avenue, Mt. Olivet Cemetery, Astoria, Long Island, New York : he married FIVE _____ MARGARET Jane Hill nee Hill : 14 children : he married second _____ 30 _____ the Surrogate records at Jamaica, New York, Liber 7, page 71, have the will of Margaret Jane Nigbie of Long Island City : administration 23 January 1877 : petition says she died 15 October 1876 : husband Stephen Nigbie : 3 brothers Frederick Hill and Arthur Hill and Peter Hill : 2 sisters Martha wife of Dewitt G _____ LANE of Gloverville, New York : and Catharine wife of Simon SAVAGE of Great Neck, New York : the Surrogate records at Jamaica, New York, Liber 65, page 281, have the will of Stephen Nigbie of Long Island City, New York : proved 24 November 1876 : petition says he died 1 February 1876 in Long Island City : brother Joseph S. Nigbie of Springfield : sister Mary L. Simonson of Forest Hill, Long Island, New York : nephew Joseph S. Simonson and niece Lillian Taylor, both of Lynbrook, Long Island, New York, being the children of a deceased sister Hannah Simonson
3. Hannah Ann NIGBIE : born 4 December 1814 : died 26 May 1876 : married in the Presbyterian Church, Jamaica, New York, 14 December 1837 to Joseph Eldmore SIMONSON : born 21 April 1814 : died 9 May 1857 : aged 42 years, and 17 days : son of John SIMONSON and Hannah (SIMONSON)

History of Springfield, Jamaica, Long Island, New York

Highie Genealogy of Springfield : 1745 - 1914.

6. Mary Louisa HIGHIE : born _____ 1826 : died 1 December
1906 : married in the Presbyterian Church, Jamaica, New
York, 24 February 1844 Othiel Everett SIMONSON : born
20 August 1817 : died 12 July 1896 : aged 78 years :
a son of Nicholas SIMONSON and Rebecca (Mills) :
they had one son Woodruff SIMONSON : born _____
married _____ Florence ROBERTS : and had two chil-
dren : 1. Edward SIMONSON : born _____ : he resided
Forest Hill, New Jersey
2. Minnie SIMONSON born _____

John S. _____ Highie and Sarah (RIDER) had 6 children, three
of whom were baptized in Presbyterian Church, Jamaica, N.Y.

1. Abner HIGHIE : born 1 July 1812 : bapt. 21 July 1812 : died
30 December 1896 : married first 6 November 1834 Jennett
Wright : born 14 August 1810 : died 14 April 1874 : aged
29 years, and 9 months : a daughter of Ismael ROGERS and
Hannah S. _____ (PLATT) : he married second
her sister Plebe Amanda ROGERS : born 23 June 1821
2. Jesse HIGHIE : born 28 August 1814 : bapt. _____ October 1814 :
died 6 December 1873 : aged 59 years, 3 months, and 11
days : married first by Rev. Jacob Schoonmaker in Jamai-
ca, New York, 29 October 1838 to Mary GOVERT : born 16
October 1816 : died 12 July 1866 : aged 47 years, 8 months
and 25 days : a daughter of Morris GOVERT and Sarah
(MURRAY) : married second _____ Elsie Ann SAUL-
FIELD who died in Hurleyville, New York
3. Edward HIGHIE : born 4 January 1819 : died 2 June 1893 : mar-
ried _____, Mary Ann POLAND of Jamaica, New York :
they moved to Mendon, Adams County, Illinois : had 3
children : 1. Sarah Rider HIGHIE : born _____
2. Mary Ann HIGHIE : born _____
3. Charles HIGHIE : born _____ : married _____
Elen HUFF
4. William Henry HIGHIE : born 27 October 1822 : died 14 May 1906
or 1905 : married by Rev. John S. Krook (Presbyterian)
in New York City _____ to Estepine SIMONSON : born
16 July 1825 : died 16 May 1906 : a daughter of Nicholas
SIMONSON and Rebecca (MILLS) : name was changed from
Van Arsdale to Simonson
5. John "Artistic" HIGHIE : born 28 September 1819 : died 11 Decem-
ber 1896 : married _____ Sarah ROBERTS : born 10

History of Springfield, Jamaica, Long Island, New York.

Nigbie Genealogy of Springfield : 1795 - 1914.

June 1825 : died 20 December 1837 : a daughter of JOHN W. _____
 SOSTRAND and Polly ♀ SKIDMORE) : had five children
 6. Ansel Battleton NIGBIE : born 15 April 1827 : died 15 April
 1827 : died 5 January 1907 : aged 79 years, and 2 months :
 married _____ Ellen a _____ SKIDMORE : born 17
 June 1834 : died 27 March 1909 : aged 74 years, and 8
 months : a daughter of Nicholas SKIDMORE and Rebecca
 (MILLS) : they had six children.

William Henry Nigbie and Catherine (SKIDMORE) had 4 children -
 1. William Henry NIGBIE : born 15 December 1849 : died 27 August
 1882 : married _____ Fannette Priscilla MILLS : no
 children : she married second _____ to W. _____
 Hall and resides in Flemington, New Jersey
 2. Everett Skidmore NIGBIE : born 20 February 1852 : died 20 Oc-
 tober 1895
 3. Gilbert Nyder NIGBIE : born 5 October 1854 : married 11 October
 1880 in Springfield, Jamaica, New York, by her father, to
 Annie Josephine OAKLEY : born 23 May 1855 in Jamaica, New
 York : a daughter of Rev. Stephen Lewis OAKLEY and Mary
 (SIMPSON) : Gilbert W and Annie J - had 2 children -
 1. William Henry NIGBIE : born 2 June 1880: died 1878
 2. Harold Spender NIGBIE : born 25 June 1895 : died 11
 July 1895
 they reside on Linden Avenue, Jamaica, New York
 4. Sarah Rebecca NIGBIE : born 9 April 1857 : single in Jan. 1914 :
 she resides on the old homestead on Morris Road, in
 Springfield, Jamaica, New York

Joseph Skidmore Skidmore and Hannah Ann (Nigbie) had 5 children -
 1. Susannah A _____ SKIDMORE : born 20 November 1833 : died 27 of
 26 September 1846 : aged 9 years, and 8 months
 2. Mary Augusta SKIDMORE : born 6 July 1844 : died 22 February 1886
 3. George Anson SKIDMORE : born 30 August 1847 : died 3 July 1886
 4. Nancy Skidmore SKIDMORE : born 15 June 1849 : died 22 May 1853
 aged 4 years, 12 months, and 7 days
 5. Lillian Louisa SKIDMORE : born 23 June 1855 Calverton, East Ham-
 stead, New York : married first in Hempstead, New York, in
 June 1877 to Charles Frederick Skidmore born 22 February
 1852 in Hempstead : died there 27 January 1888 : a son of
 Seabury SKIDMORE and Annie (NIGBIE) : she married sec-

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Nigbie Genealogy of Springfield : 1765 - 1918.

Lillian Louisa Simonson married second

and is married, Long Island, New York, 11 March 1918 to attorney
 Densley WICKLEY : born 9 June 1856 : died 21 August 1909 in Spring-
 field, New York : a son of Daniel WICKLEY and Adeline (CROFT) :
 she resides at 216 Fulton Street, Manhattan, New York : she had
 one child - 1. Isabel SIMONSON : born 12 April 1876 in Springfield
 died 11 March 1878

6. Joseph Skidmore SIMONSON : born 3 December 1857 : married 29
 June 1881 Florence R. MOTT

John Martin Nigbie and Hannah (Postroad) had 5 children

1. Mary Ann : born _____ : married _____ Dr. _____

had 3 children - 1. Miss MABEL : born _____

2. Jeannette MABEL : born _____

3. Bernard MABEL : born _____

2. Ellen Elizabeth : born 6 October 1855 : died 7 September 1897 :

married _____ John Henry VALENTINE : born _____ 1859 :

died 24 September 1874 : aged 19 years : a son of Ferdinand

VALENTINE and Sarah (CORWELL) : she no children

3. John Hlyssen : born 5 December 1858 : died 21 January 1877

4. Jeannette : born 4 January 1859 : married 27 December 1877 to

John William BAYLIS : born 15 August 1859 : a son of

Charles BAYLIS and Sarah (Richardson) : 4 children -

1. John Martin BAYLIS : born 28 June 1877

2. Charles Hewlett BAYLIS : born 21 April 1881

3. Frank Russell BAYLIS : born 28 February 1885 : married 4

September 1913 Mrs. Miss WOOD, nee Miss WOOD

4. Miss Estelle BAYLIS : born 7 March 1890 : married 19

August 1910 Lewis PRITZ : no children

5. Stephen Abialthar : born 16 February 1882 : died 14 August 1877

Rebecca Nigbie married 6 December 1777 Mary Hart of Bayliss, N.Y.

Widow Jane Nigbie married 14 January 1776 David Galpin

Sliza Nigbie married 29 June 1818 Stephen mayor of Town-

ter's Headon, Long Island, New York

Charles Nigbie of Trenton, New Jersey, married 25 May 1805 Char-

lotte Townsend of New York City : son George Dick Low

Asigal Nigbie married in Manhasset, Long Island, New York, 15 Feb-

ruary 1821 Samuel G. Nigbie

Aaron Nigbie married in Smithtown, Long Island, New York, 18 Febru-

ary 1793 Martha Weeks

John Nigbie married 7 November 1817 Maria Smith

Betsy Nigbie married 23 April 1826 John Steothoff

A Reminiscence of the Life of
Mrs. Morris W. Watts : 1831 - 1910 : written by
herself in the years 1907 and 1910.

Copied 12 January 1914 by William A. Berkeley, W. A.
Post Office Box 91, Brooklyn, New York.
Carefully compared with the copy of the original
records, as made.

Much other data about all the Springfields,
Queens County, New York, Families, is in the pos-
session of William A. Berkeley.

Brooklyn, New York,
January 1914.

A Souvenir of the Life of Mrs. Morris F. Watts : 1831 - 1910 : Written by herself in the years 1909 and 1910 : 10 pages.

Catharine D _____ Mills : born 23 January 1831 : Married 7 October 1856 Morris F _____ Watts : celebrated their golden wedding 7 October 1906.

Written 1907 - 1910 by Mrs. M. F. Watts.

My dear husband departed this life May thirteenth, : nineteen hundred and nine : aged seventy-five years, three months, and ten days.

" Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord "
" Asleep in Jesus "

In Loving Remembrance of my Husband, Morris F. Watts.

The Saviour hath bereft me now
Of my companion, still I bow
Beneath the yoke, though dark and dim :
I still will trust my all in Him.

No more to bless the hard in love
Until we meet in heaven above
On Gannan's Fair and happy shore,
Where parting then will be no more.

Then murmur not, oh peace, be still :
I know it was the Father's will
And He will care for me, I know,
If I am faithful while here below.

Lead me gently, Lord, I pray,
In the straight and narrow way.

A Remembrance of My Life.

I was born in Springfield, Long Island, (New York), in the Old Homestead, on what is now called Gannan Avenue, which had since been taken down in order to lay out streets, the property having been sold to a realty company.

There I lived the early part of my life. I attended the public school in the upper part of Springfield. My teacher was Mr. Morris Foddick, who taught for many years : he afterwards removed to Jamaica : and became the County Judge, and was called the Honorable Judge Foddick. He died some years ago,

History of Springfield, Jamaica, Long Island, New York.

A Reminiscence of the Life of Mrs. Morris J. White.

though he lived to celebrate his golden wedding. He was a very busy man. People went to him for counsel. His widow still survives him : she is over ninety years old.

I had Christian parents and was brought up to go to Church and Sabbath school from my childhood. I united with the Presbyterian Church of Jamaica, (New York) when I was about sixteen years old. Rev. James W. Mc Donald was Pastor of the Church at that time. I loved the Church and I loved the Pastor and the people, but after the Presbyterian Church of Springfield was built, I, with a number of other members, came from the Church of Jamaica to the Presbyterian Church of Springfield, Long Island : - that was forty years ago.

We were rejoiced at having a Church in Springfield : we appreciated it very much. It was a great blessing to have a Church so near by. Many years ago, there was not such improvement in the roads here. When I was a small girl, it was called about four miles from Springfield to Jamaica, but some years after there was a new road made that shortened the distance quite a little : it is now called the Merrick Road. Before the new road was made, it was a long ride to Church, and not very pleasant on a cold morning. After I was married, before we had a house, we used sometimes to walk to the Jamaica Church on Sunday morning. We did not think so much of walking then as we do now : travelling was not so convenient fifty years ago as it is now. I sometimes think if we had to go so far to Church now, we would want to be excused, or would excuse ourselves often. The young people and perhaps the older ones too, do not appreciate our many privileges, as we should do. There is so much doing of pleasure, now-a-days, that it seems to take away, in a measure, the more important affairs of life. Let us strive to be more diligent and careful in the future, and let us overcome the world and its slaviness. May we, all time, improve while life to us is given, and may we look above away from earth to Heaven.

Now I am going to say something about the Presbyterian Church of Springfield, that being the first Church erected in this place. It was built in 1855-1856. We were in debt at that time, but we worked willingly and cheerfully, hopeful of some time not far distant to be clear of debt. Mr. Simeon Douglas, one of the Church members and a very good man, got up a plan, thinking it a good plan to liquidate the debt. It

History of Springfield, Jamaica, Long Island, New York.

certainly was, but so many failed in meeting with the plan that we had to give it up, hoping that we might some other time be more successful. We were still without a minister, but Rev. Peter Davis Oakey was very much interested in the Church at Springfield. He used to come out on a Sabbath afternoon, once in a while, and preach for us : that was before we had a Pastor. We sometimes had preaching of an evening, but we had Sabbath school in the afternoon and prayer meeting in the evening. We had weekly evening prayer meetings also, but the time came when we considered it best for us to have a minister of our own : and so Rev. William W. _____ was our first stated minister. He preached for us on Sabbath morning, and in the evening, he preached in the Woodhaven Church (Long Island, New York) : so you see we did not have preaching but once a day. We were very glad to have that much. Mr. Knox preached for us for about two years. He was loved and respected by all, but he was young and very smart and he soon received a call to a larger Church.

The next Pastor was Rev. Alexander Miller. He was a deep preacher. I think he stayed about seven years in Springfield : then we were again destitute of a Pastor. So you see we were not without our trouble, but the Lord carried us safely through about this time. Rev. Peter Davis Oakey was teaching school in New Jersey, he having given up preaching in the Presbyterian Church of Jamaica, (New York), his health not being very good at that time : but now he seemed to feel that his work in the ministry was not accomplished, so we asked him to preach for us : he kindly accepted : and so our next Pastor was Rev. P. D. Oakey. The dear old man seemed to many of us like a father. He preached for about twelve years. He had to give up preaching on account of the failing of his eyesight, but he remained in Springfield as long as he lived. I think he was over eighty years old. He served a long and useful life : the end was peaceful. While sitting in his chair in quiet conversation with his wife, he fell asleep -- may our last end be like his. Then for nearly two years, we were without a Pastor. The pulpit was supplied with ministers and students from the seminary of New York and New Jersey. We enjoyed them all very much. Some of them came and stayed over Sunday with us : we had much pleasure in entertaining them. At one time we had some hope of getting Rev. George Beattie, for our Pastor. When the committee called upon him, he said he would like to come to Springfield, as Pastor for us, but he felt it was his duty to go the foreign ministry and so shortly after, he sailed for China.

Then we had other Pastors to preach for us. One, Mr. Moody

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gave us encouragement. He preached five Sundays for us, but when we gave him a call, he declined, without giving us any special reason for his not coming. It seemed we were doomed to disappointment, but we did not give up hope: we trusted that the Lord would provide for us in His own good time, and so some time after that we had another student, Mr. Charles M. Rutherford, from the seminary of New York. We liked him very much. The Session gave him a call and he accepted: and Rev. Charles M. Rutherford was our next Pastor.

He was a good preacher and faithful worker. He seemed to draw the people together. We had a large congregation considering that there was another Church in the place, the M. E. Church: but we were still very much in debt: but we labored together, both Pastor and people. Mr. Rutherford was deeply interested in our welfare, both for the good of souls and for the work of our indebtedness. He was very much concerned in our affairs, and such is due to his earnest work in clearing off the debt of the Church: and he was rewarded in having the pleasure of seeing the marriage banner in his presence. It was a pleasure and comfort to us all. The Lord was merciful and granted us a blessing. Rev. Charles M. Rutherford remained with us about twelve years. He then returned to his home in Canada.

A short time after that, we gave a call to Rev. Sidney H. Barrett: and he is still with us. He is very pleasant in conversation, a good preacher, and is quite influential with the people. Since Mr. Barrett has been with us, we have had our new Church built. It is very beautiful and commodious, but I loved that little Church. It was very dear to me. I have many pleasant memories of the dear old Church. My husband was also a member of the Church, and for some years he taught a class of boys in the Sabbath School, and was treasurer of the Sabbath School for some time. He was an Elder in the Church, and trustee of the Church for a number of years. Here our children attended Church and Sabbath School, and as they grew up, they united with the Church. Our youngest child, a boy, died in infancy, safe in the arms of Jesus, to be forever with the Lord. And now another link of the chain has been broken, and the dear husband has been called away to join the ransomed throng above. Now we miss his loved voice and his cheerful countenance, his kind and thoughtful words and advice for us. We all looked to him for counsel, but he has left us and gone to receive his reward. He was a great sufferer, but I trust his sufferings are over and he is now singing the songs of Zion.

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No more on earth to meet,
 No more each other greet :
 Though oft will fall the tear,
 For those that were so dear.

I trust that the chain that was broken on earth will be joined to-gather in heaven, that we may be one un-broken family : (here to dwell with Jesus, and all the redeemed. Peaceful rest.

Then let us live that so,
 When life on earth is done,
 That I may fully know
 I have the victory won.
 (My favorite verse.)

My times of sorrow and of joy,
 Great God are in Thy hand.
 My choicest comforts come from thee
 And go at Thy command.

Mr. Rutherford's wife died while he was with us. Her remains were removed to Canada, her former home. She was a dear, good woman. She was loved by all who knew her: she lived a lovely Christian life, and died in the faith of a Saviour's love — her end was peaceful. She is now enjoying the rest that remains for the people of God. She left one little boy, who is now grown to manhood. May the Lord bless him, and make him a bright and shining light in the world.

Now I want to tell you some thing about my ancestors. My grand-father, Samuel Mills, was a Revolutionary Soldier : He served seven years in that war and was honorably discharged at the close of the war. They had their summer camp for some time up the Hudson River : and it was while they were encamped there that my grand-father met and married my great-grand-mother : and some time after the war, with their little boy, about two years old (which was my father), came to their home in Springfield, on Long Island, (New York.) His home was the place now occupied by Mr. _____ Haff, the coal dealer. I have been told that his mother did not know him when he came home, he was so changed. There they lived, and brought up their family of five children : my father, John S _____ Mills, being the oldest child. He had three sisters, and one

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brother : and they all made their home in Springfield.

My father was born in Dutchess County, (New York), at a place called the Mine " Pardoners " (Mine Partners), as I have been told : and when about two years old, he, with his parents, came to Long Island. In after years, he visited his uncle (Note - this was Hendrick Phillips) in Fishkill, Dutchess County, (New York), where he became acquainted with my mother : and he some time afterwards married her and brought her to Long Island. They also made their home in Springfield. They had a large family : five of us lived to grow up and marry, and were settled in life : but they have all passed away but myself. I am the only one left, and I have lived over my three score years and ten, and I have lived to see the fourth generation. My grand-father lived to be eighty-eight years old, and my father and mother were both over seventy years : my brother (Thomas Mills) was eighty years - one sister was nearly eighty-one. She was blind for some years before she died, but she lived in faith and hope of one day seeing, and hearing the welcome - " come in ye blessed of my Father." May that be the happy lot of us all. One other sister lived within a few days of being seventy-six years. So we are all passing away to that land where none ever return. We know not the day or the hour when we shall be called away. May we live so that we will be ready.

One by one this world we leave,
If victory's won why should we grieve.
This world is not our place of rest,
We seek a home among the blest.

I have said that I have lived to see the fourth generation. It is quite remarkable, but there is a fifth generation, still living. It is on the Foster side, and that is very unusual.

I have two children living, and five grand-children, and one great-grand-child. It is a good while since we have had a little baby in the family and you may be sure it is a great pet. I thank the Lord for giving me so many comforts. I have had trials and afflictions, but the Lord has stood by me through it all : and I trust HE will be with me through my life. Blessed be HIS holy name.

All the way my Saviour leads me,
What have I to ask besides ?

Now I am going to tell you some thing about my mother's family.

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Her maiden name was Catherine Phillips. She was born in Fieldhill, Dutchess County, (New York). Her father, my grand-father, Henry Phillips, had a large farm. They did not raise vegetables for market, as we do now, but they raised more hay and grain and corn. They kept a large dairy also. Mother said they had as many as fourteen cows.

Sometimes, she said, they had to churn every day and some times twice a day. There must have been plenty of work for all, with so much milk to take care of. They raised flax also. Mother said she used to flax or lay out about a mile to pull flax. They used to knit their stockings those days, and mittens, and make some of their garments, too. They had very hard work those days, especially the women folks.

Mother used to tell how she went horse-back riding. I have heard her say that she and her cousin went on horse-back to spend the day with a friend. She said when they were coming home, a man tried to stop them, but they hid their horses with the whip and left the man far behind. There was not much carriage or stage riding those days : that was before steamboats or rail-roads were used here. After mother came to Long Island to live, she could not often visit her old home.

I have heard her say that one time after her father died, she had to go up there on business. They had to go up the Hudson River at that time with sail-boats. She said that it would take them two or three days, some times, to go as far as Poughkeepsie, if there was not much wind.

She said that time that she had to go there, it was very still, as it happened, and they had to row the boat with oars. She said the Captain said they were short of hands, and if any of the women help row the boat up the river, he would give them their fare free : and mother being very anxious to get there to get her business settled that she might soon be back to her family, she said she would help. So my mother helped row the boat up the river. There is not many, if any one, could say that. I have been up the Hudson River as far as Poughkeepsie several times, but I went with the steam-boat. It is a beautiful river : the scenery is just lovely.

It is a marvel of beauty, especially the Highlands, but I do not think I could make up my mind to go up in a sail boat.

Mother had brothers and sisters, but they went to different parts of the country : some of them went to Canada and some to other places. I had uncles and aunts, and many cousins, that I have never seen - but such is life. The world goes round and we are moving with it : but some day we shall all be

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gathered in to give account of our deeds done here in His name.

May we so live that we may at last be gathered in the fold of Christ. I know there is a cross and crown, so I will bear the cross to win the crown.

I remember, when I was a little girl, seeing my mother spin on a big wheel. She used to spin wool for stockings and mittens. She would spin flax for garments. She used to do very fine spinning. She had some wool for sheets.

I have a towel now, made from one of the sheets. She had a little wheel that she used to reel her yarn, after spinning in skeins. Now I used to love to watch her as she walked back and forth, as she twisted the yarn and wound it up on the spool. It looked like fun to me then, but it must have been very tiresome. They used to call it home-spin goods. It was very strong and durable.

In speaking of going up the Hudson River and of visiting Poughkeepsie, I would like to say that out in the country it is very hilly. The first time I visited there, while riding down a very steep hill, I saw a house in the valley below and it seemed to me that we must go right over the top of it, but when we came to the bottom of the hill, we were quite a way off from the house. You can ride for a long way over solid rock, alongside of the hills, and as you ride along you can see the water gushing out of the hills or rocks. I was up on College Hill and the houses below looked like small dogs.

at one time when we were visiting Poughkeepsie, my cousin took us to a cotton factory. We went through the building.

There were quite a number of women and girls at work in one large room. We saw them weave the cloth, and then in another apartment we saw them print the calico. They gave me some of the calico that I saw printed. Then at another time we visited a paper mill and saw them make sheets of paper. They gave me a sheet of paper that I saw them make. It is wonderful how they can manufacture so much out of apparently nothing, in the first state.

As I have said before, my grand-father was a Revolutionary soldier and years after, in the war of 1812, my father was drafted to go in that war. He was very sick at the time and could not go, but he hired a man to go in his place. And so time goes on. My father was superintendent of the South Side Sabbath School many years ago. He had a class, too, and he used to tell the story of one of the boys in his class who did not have any lesson one Sunday. He said he asked him why he came there without having his lesson. He said that the boy said,—"I came to hear you preach." My father was quite

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caused at the boy's opinion of his.

And now I have another war to speak of, the Civil War. My father was drafted to go there, but the number that was called for was made up of volunteers, so he did not have to go. I have a nephew though, who went, and was wounded several times. He now receives a pension: and another nephew who was in the Spanish-American War. So I feel quite patriotic and I think I have good reason for my patriotism. And I was rejoiced to see the Boy's Brigade the day they had their parade: and they were so well trained, too.

Their captain ought to have a vote of thanks for his labor in training them so well. It was granted. May it long be kept in remembrance.

Springfield in the last twenty or thirty years, has changed wonderfully. I remember when I was a little girl there was only eight houses from W. _____ Becker's down to the bridge below the coal yard, now West of W. _____ Hall. Now it is quite a prosperous, growing village. There are three Churches in the place now: the Presbyterian, the Methodist, and the Roman Catholic Church.

We have a real estate office, a post office, and grocery stores: a drug store, ice cream and confectionary hall: dry goods and hardware stores: a barber shop and butcher shop, and a hotel. We have no printing office here now, but we have an editor living on the place. We also have a library and green house, coal yards and electric lights. We have good accommodations for rail-roads: they connect to Long Island

Every thing at present is prosperous.

The fall of 1909 was very remarkable for its mild and pleasant weather. The summer of 1909 was cool, except now and then a warm spell: there was but few hot days. The year 1909 is noted for its disasters and loss of life, both by land and sea.

We read of earthquakes in many places, and tornadoes with heavy rain: and of mine explosions. There have been thousands of lives lost in one way or another. Long Island has seemed to escape the distress of which other places have been afflicted, but we know not what shall be in the hereafter.

We cannot look into the future: the present is all we can claim. There have been in these last years many things accomplished. The nineteenth century was noted for its great inventions: the telegraph wires and the telephone instruments for reproducing sounds: that people can talk miles and miles away.

Then the steam, and the electricity. The wonderful cable wires where messages can be dispatched under the ocean. A hundred years ago such things would not have been thought of, and

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now, in this twentieth century, there is still more wonderful things being transacted. The wireless telegraphs and the air ships, and the great tunnel under the West and Hudson Rivers. It seems almost like a miracle. It is a wonder of wonders. When will wonders cease? There has been a report of the finding of the North Pole, but some seem to doubt it, and others have more faith concerning it: but whether it has been found or not, there has been an effort of the finding of it said and it may be proved satisfactory, whether or not the explorers have certainly been far up in the frozen north.

These are brave men and bold
 Who travelled through ice and cold,
 In search of the unknown world.
 Many lives have been lost,
 Thousands of dollars it has cost,
 To reach the frozen coast.
 Many weary months they passed,
 And many lonely hours, alas?
 They spent there in search of fame,
 And to gain an honored name.
 Perhaps it is all right to seek for
 Fame and honor, but there is an event
 More honorable than fame and
 Honor to obtain. The pearl of great
 Price. We should seek first the
 Kingdom of Christ, and the promise is
 That other things shall be added.
 The years roll on one by one.
 Soon life's journey will be done.
 Then may our rest in heaven be
 Through the ages of eternity.

As I have been writing something about the year of nineteen
 nine, I thought I might add a little more to it and say that I
 have just been cutting my orange bush. They look very nice:
 each of them measured seven and one-half inches in circumference—
 pretty good for being raised in a cold climate, and in the win-
 ter. Just a plain window, and now there are new shoots
 branching out and a young growth coming on. It is very im-
 portant when it is in blossom. It must be nice to live where
 fruit grows natural, but then they do not have there much, if
 any, of our beautiful snow, so pure and white.

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(Verses of my favorite hymn.)

Saviour more than life to me,
I am clinging, clinging, close to Thee.
Let Thy precious blood be applied,
Keep me ever near Thy side.

Chorus.

Every day, every hour,
Let me feel Thy cleansing power.
May Thy tender love to me,
Bind me closer, closer, Lord, to Thee.
Through this changing world below,
Lead me gently as I go :
Trusting Thee I cannot stray,
I can never, never, lose my way.

* * * * *

When looking back upon the past,
How many young I know,
That started life with me, side,
Have bid the world adieu.

My schoolmates, too, who learned with me,
And we sat side by side :
But many now have passed away,
And some in youth have died.

My life was spared for some wise end,
Though then I could not see :
The Lord so many blessings sends,
And still they fall on me.

Bless the Lord, on my soul,
And forget not all His benefits.

(The end)

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Mills Genealogy of Springfield : 1753 - 1910 :
 from the large manuscript genealogy of William
 A. Hurdley W. A.

Samuel D _____ Mills : born in Springfield, Jamaica, New
 York, 16 February 1759 : died there 12 July 1808 :
 aged 55 years : he served seven years in the Revolution
 : some claim he married Ann PHILLIPS : it seems
 more correct that he married _____ Ann TRAVIS :
 born 25 August 1761 in Dutchess County, New York :
 died _____ August 1791 in Springfield : a daughter of
 Thomas TRAVIS and Martha _____ : the tomb stone of
 Samuel Mills has : - " Reader, behold a Patriot's grave,
 He died his country's flag to save :
 When the Briton's came, he bore his hand,
 To drive the invader from the land."

The Dutchess County, New York, Surrogate's Records, at Southburg-
 sic, New York : liber A, page 245, have the will of Thomas Travis
 of Washington, Dutchess County, N.Y. : made 13 March 1788 : proved
 1 April 1791 : wife Martha : 5 sons Isaac and Abraham and John
 and Jacob and Richard : 5 daughters, 1. Rachel wife of Isaac Mil-
 limer : 2. ANN wife of Samuel MILLS : 3. Rebecca wife of Elias
 Jackson : 4. Mary wife of Hendrick Phillips : 5. Sarah : 6. Miss-
 Feth : executors wife Martha and son Isaac with Abel Peters :
 witnesses Abel Peters and Samuel Havery and William Peters

Samuel Mills and Ann (TRAVIS) had 5 children - -

1. John Samuel MILLS : born 4 October 1780 in Pine Pointe, New
 York : died 1 December 1851 in Springfield, Long Island,
 New York : aged 70 years, one month, and 21 days : he
 married _____ Catherine Phillips : born 1 November
 _____ : died _____ : a daughter of Henry WILLIAMS of
 Fishkill, New York, and Mary (TRAVIS) : so John and his
 wife were own cousins

2. Polly or Mary MILLS : born _____

3. William MILLS : born _____

4. a daughter _____ : born _____

Note : was her name Phoebe MILLS ? did she marry W. _____
 Smith : or Mr. White Smith ?

5. Rebecca MILLS : born 5 February 1791 : died in May 1897 : mar-
 ried by Rev. Jacob Schoonmaker of Jamaica, New York, 17
 November 1812 Nicholas Simonson (formerly Nicholas Van
 Ardsalen) born 9 December 1789 : died 16 April 1848 :
 son of Nicholas Simonson and Maria (ARDSALAN)

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Mills genealogy of Springfield : 1700 - 1920.

- John Samuel MILLS and Catherine (Phillips) had 4 children :
 6 were baptized in the Dutch Church, Jamaica, New York, and 2
 in the Presbyterian Church, Jamaica, New York : viz.;
1. Stephen MILLS : born _____ : bapt. 31 May 1801 Dutch Church
 2. Margaret MILLS : born _____ : bapt. 31 May 1802 " " "
 3. Charles MILLS : born _____ : bapt. 30 October 1805 " " "
 4. Sally Maria MILLS : born _____ : birth MILLS bapt. 17 August
 1806 in Dutch Church : married _____ William HEN-
 DRICKSON : they had no children
 5. Daniel Smith MILLS : born _____ : bapt. 17 November 1814 in
 the Dutch Church
 6. Ann MILLS : born 15 June 1814 : bapt. _____ : died 30 Jan-
 uary 1866 : aged 55 years, 7 months, and 15 days : bur-
 ied in the Presbyterian Church, Jamaica, New York, 4
 May 1836 Isaac H _____ MILLS (his first wife) :
 he was born 11 November 1814 : died 25 February 1875 : a
 son of Samuel H _____ MILLS and Sarah (HENDRICKSON)
 Isaac and Ann MILLS had four children
 7. Martha MILLS : born _____ 1816 : bapt. _____ : died 5 De-
 cember 1895 : married _____ Isaac Hendrickson
 MILLS : (his second wife) : had no children
 8. Mary MILLS : born _____ : bapt. 5 November 1818 Dutch Church
 9. Thomas MILLS : born _____ : bapt. 6 January 1820 in Presby-
 terian Church : died 22 March 1908 : aged 88 years :
 his tomb stone has " Thomas H _____ MILLS " : he mar-
 ried _____ Phoebe WATTS : born 12 January 1800 : a
 daughter of " Larry " (or Lawrence) WATTS and Betsey
 (HENDRICKSON) : had 4 children
 10. Catherine De Witt MILLS : born 25 January 1831 : bapt. _____
 Presbyterian Church : married 7 October 1856 Lewis J _____
 WATTS : born 6 February 1834 : died 16 May 1907 : aged 73
 years, 3 months, and 10 days : a son of Larry WATTS and
 Betsey (Hendrickson) : they had 3 children -
 1. son WATTS : born _____ : died infancy
 2. Sidney WATTS : born _____ : married _____
 " Liz " (Louisa) Foster : a daughter of Jacob
 FOSTER and Sarah Elizabeth (GOLDBERGER) : she was a
 daughter of William and Elizabeth GOLDBERGER :
 Sidney had a daughter Florence WATTS : born _____
 married _____ Richard REYNOLDS, a son of Frank
 Wagoner REYNOLDS and Abigail Ann (MILLS) ;
 3. Louise WATTS : born _____ : married _____ " Sam " _____
 EVERETT, a son of Nicholas EVERETT

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Wills Genealogy of Springfield : 1757 - 1913.

Nicolaus VAN ARSDALEN; (now SIMONSON) and Rebecca (Wills) had
10 children - -

2. Daniel Everett : born 20 August 1817 : bapt. 21 October
1817 Dutch Church, Jamaica : married 24 February 1846
Mary Louisa HIGGINS : see page 31 for their child
1. Mary : born 5 March 1815 : Mary Ann bapt. 8 April 1817 Dutch
Church : married _____ Charles OGDEN : (his first
wife) : they had 5 children -
1. Thompson OGDEN : born _____
2. George OGDEN : born _____
3. Elizabeth OGDEN : born _____ : married _____
Marina FURDY : and had 1. Royceur FURDY
4. Betty OGDEN : born _____ : single in 1913
5. Anna OGDEN : born _____ : married _____
William : and had 1. Howard SMITH
2. Walter SMITH
3. Phoebe Smith : born 7 January 1820 : bapt. 24 April 1820 : mar-
ried 21 December 1847 Warren Jones HIGGINS : page 3 & 26
4. Jane Elizabeth : born 17 September 1821 : bapt. 26 October
1821 in Dutch Church, Jamaica, New York
1. Augustine : born 10 July 1823 : bapt. 29 February 1824 Dutch
Church : married _____ William Henry HIGGINS : see
pages 26 and 31 and 32
6. Charity : born 1 May 1825 : bapt. 20 August 1825 in Dutch
Church : married _____ David GRIMMEAD : see page 26 :
they had several children, among whom was -
1. Ellen GRIMMEAD : born _____ : married _____
Hamilton J _____ GORME : resided in Westport,
Long Island, New York : and had 4 children -
1. Juliette GORME : born _____
2. Isabel GORME : born _____
3. Minn GORME : born _____ : married _____
William Ballou
4. Edith GORME : born _____
7. Susannah : born _____ : bapt. 25 May 1828 in Dutch Church :
as " Susannah SIMONSON " : married _____ Charles
GORME : his second wife : she had no children.
2. Maria : born 15 August 1828 : bapt. 29 January 1829 Dutch Ch.
9. Sarah Higgs : born 25 January 1830 : bapt. 31 July 1830 Dutch
Church : married _____ Garret DURLAND
10. Eleanor A _____ : born 29 June 1832 : bapt. 9 November 1832 in
Dutch Church : married _____ Abigail Nettleton HIGGINS :
see pages 26 and 32 : they had six children

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Mills Genealogy of Springfield : 1759 - 1910.

- Sumner W. _____ MILLS : born 4 October 1795 : died 25 JANUARY 1861 : aged 75 years, 3 months, and 25 days : married _____ Sarah SIMONSON : born 3 October 1795 : died 17 AUGUST 1863 : aged 67 years, 10 months, and 14 days : a daughter of Aury SIMONSON and Mary (Sigale) : they had six children, among whom was
1. Aury MILLS : born 15 February 1814 : Aury MILLS bapt. 2 April 1814 in Dutch Church, Jamaica, New York : died 14 AUGUST 1899 : aged 82 years : married first in Presbyterian Church Jamaica : 12 October 1836 Mary NOTT of Rockaway, Long Island New York : she was born 18 August 1816 : died 10 September 1861 : aged 45 years, and 22 days : a daughter of Henry NOTT : Aury Mills married second in Jamaica, in March 1864 Mary Priscilla, widow of Stephen S. _____ Mills : she was born 15 November 1820 : died 13 February 1899 : aged 79 years : a daughter of Nathaniel CARPENTER and Fatiience (BAILLY or BAYLIS) : Stephen Mills was born 1 February 1817 : died 16 February 1845 : Aury Mills had 16 children by his first wife and one son by his second wife
- Aury and Mary Mills had
2. William Benjamin MILLS : born 14 June 1843 in Springfield : married there 9 December 1865 Mary Louisa NIGBIE : born 12 July 1844 in Jamaica : a daughter of Joseph Skidmore NIGBIE and Lauretta Elvira (Deegar) : they had 4 children, all born in Springfield -
1. Mary Almira MILLS : born 5 February 1866 : married 8 August 1884 John MURRAY : born _____ : a son of Isaac MURRAY and Libbie (BAYLIS) : 6 chil-
1. Jennie Alberta MURRAY : born 6 February 1885 : married 28 November 1903 Theodore WATTS : a son of William WATTS and Elizabeth (NIGBIE) :
2. Elvieta MURRAY : born 6 March 1886 : married 4 February 1906 Frank GUNTHER, a son of Frank GUNTHER and Fanny (DAVENPORT)
3. Mary Elizabeth MURRAY : born 22 August 1887 : married 11 February 1910 George HILL, a son of James HILL and Lucy (SEAMAN)
4. William Benjamin MURRAY : born _____ August 1893
5. John Morris MURRAY : born _____ March 1896-1897
6. Mildred Louisa MURRAY : born _____ May 1901
2. Louie Melville MILLS : born 14 April 1874 : married 25 November 1896 May Bailey : born 15 May 1875 : a daughter of George BAILEY and Jane (FOSTER)

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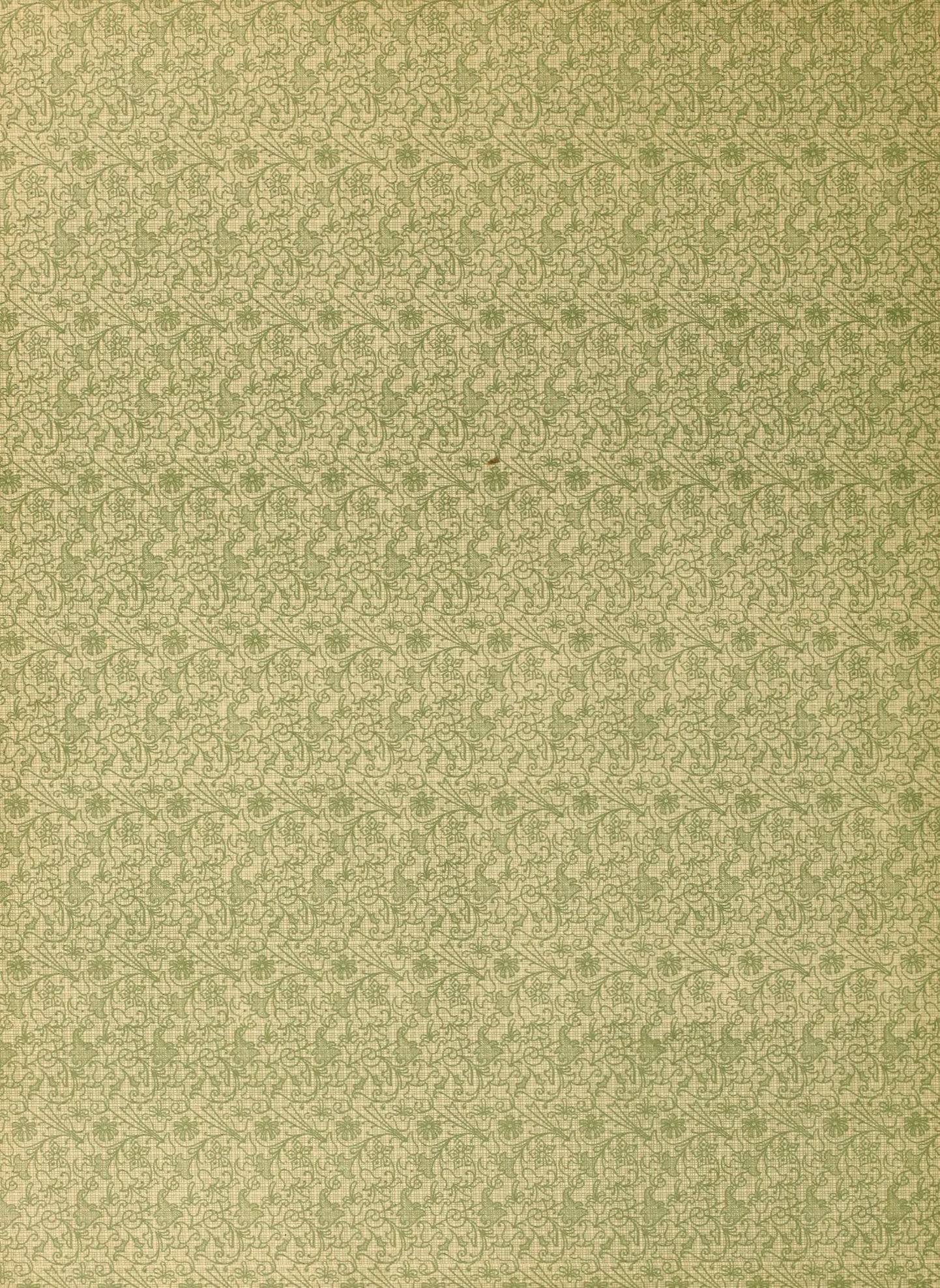
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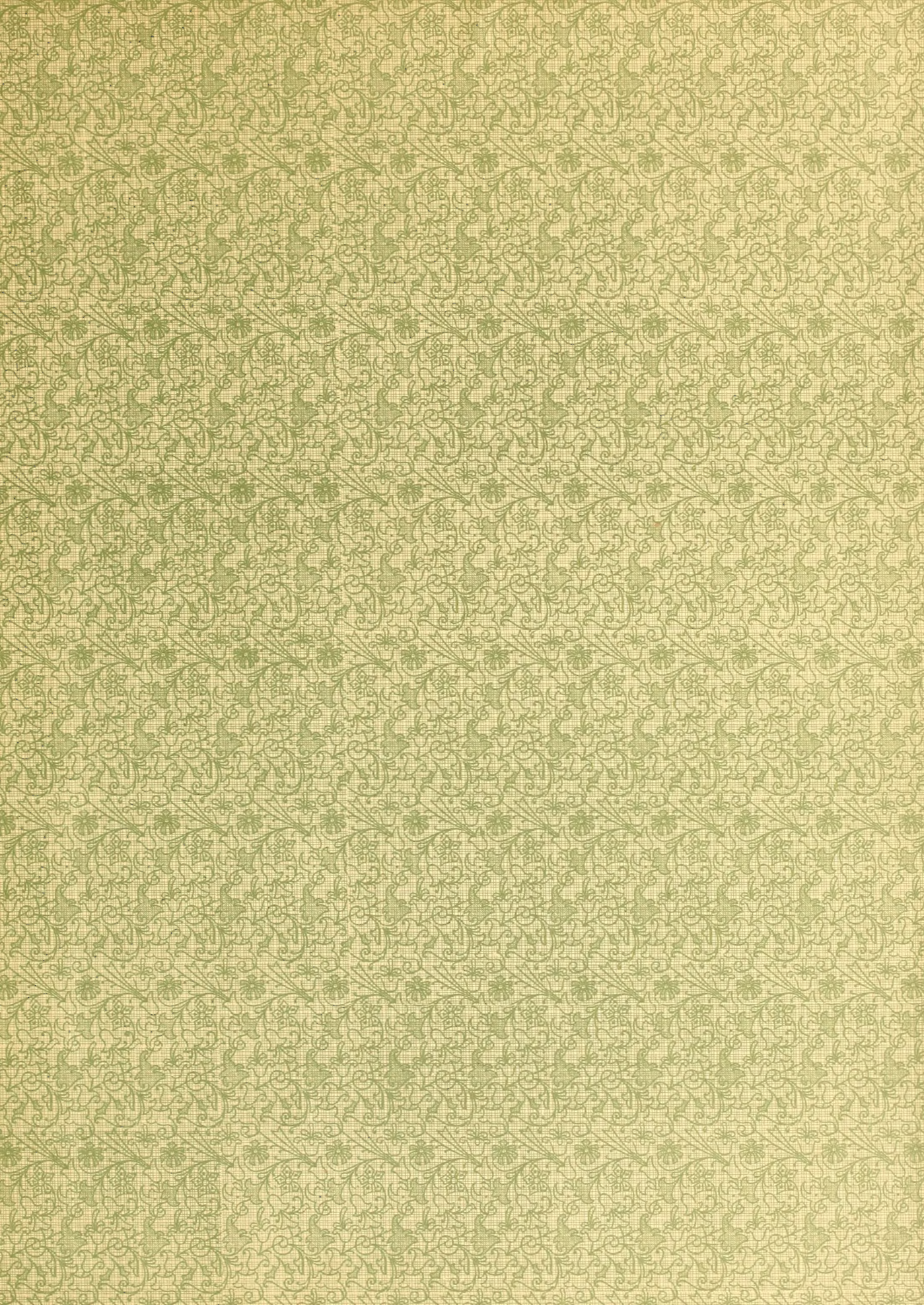


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